

Molly of the Mill.

To which are added,

Castle-Hyde,

Rodney's Glory,

Swaggering Jack.



*Limerick*: Printed by W. Goggin, Book-  
seller and Stationer, Corner of Bridge-  
street, (formerly called Quay-lane,) where  
Country Chapmen may be supplied with  
Histories, Manuals, Penny-books, Spel-  
ling-books, Primers, large and small  
Pictures, plain or painted, a large assort-  
ment of Ballads, and every other Arti-  
cle in the Bookselling and Stationary Busi-  
ness on cheaper Terms than at any other  
Shop.

## SWAGGERING JACK.

**O**N Newgate steps Jack Chance was  
 found,  
 And brought up near Giles's Pound,  
 (My story is true deny it who can,)  
 By saucy leering Billing's-gate Nan;  
 Her bosom glow'd with heart-felt joy,  
 When first she beheld the lovely boy,  
 Then home the Prize she straight did bring,  
 And they all allow'd he was the thing.  
     Just the thing, right the thing,  
     They all allowed he was the thing.  
 At twelve years old as we are told,  
 The youth was sturdy stout and bold,  
 He learnt to curse to swear and fight,  
 And every thing but to read and write;  
 With daddles clean he'd slip between,  
 A croud, and knap a clout unseen,  
 And what he got he home would bring,  
 And they all allow'd he was just the thing.  
     Right the thing, &c. &c.

But when he grew up to a man's estate,  
 His mind did run on something great,  
 A thieving then he scorned to tramp,  
 So hir'd a Pad and went on the scamp;  
 To strut in the Park was all his pride,  
 With a flaming Bawd stuck by his side,

And they all allow'd he was just the thing.

Right the thing, &c.

His manual exercise he'd go through,  
Both bridewell, pump and horse-pond too,  
His back had often felt the smart,  
Of Tyburn strings at the tail of a cart;  
He stood the batter but that's no matter,  
He gammoned the twelve and worked on  
the water,

But a pardon he got from his gracious King,  
And swaggering Jack was just the thing.

Right the thing, &c.

Blue cockade well aimed for war,  
With bludgeon stout or iron bar,  
To head a mob he ne'er would fail,  
At gutting a Mas-house or burning a jail,  
But a victim he fell to his country's laws,  
And died at last in a religious cause.  
Now Popery made the blade to swing,  
And when tuck'd up he was the thing.

Just the thing, right the thing,

They all allow he was the thing.

---

### RODNEY'S GLORY.

**G**IVE ear you British hearts of gold,  
That do disdain to be controuled,  
Good news to you I will unfold,  
'Tis of brave Rodney's glory;



Who always bore a noble heart,  
 And from his colours never would start,  
 Against any foes that dare oppose,  
 Or blast the bloom of the English rose,  
 But now observe my story.

It was in the year of eighty-two,  
 The Frenchman knows full well it is true,  
 Brave Rodney did their fleet subdue,  
 Not far from old Fort Royal;  
 Full early by the morning light,  
 The proud De Grasse appeared in sight,  
 And thought brave Rodney to affright,  
 With colours spread at each mast head,  
 Long pennants too both white and red,  
 As a signal for engaging.

Our Admiral then he gave command,  
 That every man should at his station stand,  
 Now said he, for the sake of Old England,  
 We'll shew them British valour;  
 Then we the British flag display'd,  
 No tortures could our hearts invade,  
 Both sides began to cannonade,  
 Their mighty shot we valued not,  
 We played our English pills so hot,  
 Which set them in confusion.

This made the Frenchmen to combine,  
 And draw their shipping in a line,  
 To sink our fleet was their design,  
 But they were far mistaken;  
 Our guns did tear and smok did rise,  
 And clouds of sulphur vailed the skies,  
 Which filled De Grasse with great surprize,

Bold Rodney's guns and Paddy's sons,  
 Make echo shake wherever they come,  
 They fear no French or Spaniards.

The Formidable acted well,  
 Commanded by our brave Admiral,  
 The old Belfour none could excel,  
 Our shipping all including;  
 Broadside fr broodside we let fly,  
 And hundreds of their men did bleeding lie,  
 The seas were all a crimson dye,  
 Full deep we stood in human blood,  
 Surrounded by a scarlet flood,  
 But still we fought courageous.

So loud our cannons they did roar,  
 Which echoed round the India shore,  
 Both ships and rigging suffered sore,  
 We kept such constant firing;  
 From morning till the fall of night,  
 We did maintain this bloody fight,  
 Being regardless of their might,  
 We did defy our enemies,  
 And would rather suffer to sink or die,  
 Than offer to surrender.

So well our quarters we maintained,  
 Five captured ships we have obtained,  
 And thousands of their men were slain  
 During this hot engagement;  
 Our British metal flew like hail,  
 At length to us they turned their tail,  
 So dropped their courses and made sail,  
 Much distressed as you may guess,  
 And as soon as they got in readiness,

They bore down to Fort Royal,  
Now may prosperity attend  
Brave Rodney and his Irishmen,  
Then England never will want a friend,  
While he reigns commander;  
Success to all our Irish Officers,  
And seamen bold and jolly tars,  
That like bold daring sons of Mars,  
Takes delight for to fight,  
And vindicate Old England's right,  
Or die for Hibernia's glory.

---

### CASTLE-HYDE.

AS I roved out on a summers morning,  
Down by the Banks of Black Water-  
side,  
To view the groves and meadows charming,  
And pleasure gardens of Castlehyde,  
'Tis there you'd hear the Thrushes warbling  
The Dove and Partridge I now describe,  
The lambkins sporting every morning,  
All to adorn sweet Castlehyde.

There is fine walks in these pleasant Gar-  
dens,  
And seats most charming in shady bowers,  
The Gladiator whose bold and daring,  
Each night & morning to watch the flowers,  
There is a Church for service in this fine  
arbour,  
Where nobles often in coaches ride,



To view the walks and curious gardens,  
That front the Palace of Castlehyde.

If noble Princes from foreign places,  
Should chance to fail to this Irish shore,  
'Tis in this valley they could be feasted,  
As often heroes had done before;  
The wholesome air of this habitation,  
Would recreate your heart with pride,  
There is no valley throughout this nation,  
With beauty equal to Castlehyde.

There's fine Horses and stall fed oxes,  
A den for Foxes to play and hide,  
Fine Mares for breeding & foreign sheeping  
With snowy fleeces in Castlehyde,  
The grand improvements would there amaze  
you,

The trees are drooping with fruits of all  
kind,

The bees perfuming the fields with music,  
Which yields more beauty to Castlehyde.

The richest groves in this Irish nation,  
In fine Plantations you'll meet them there,  
The rose and tulip and sweet carnation,  
All vying with the lilly fair,

The buck, the doe, the fox and eagle,  
They skip and play by the river side,  
The trout and salmon always toying,  
In the clear streams of sweet Castlehyde.

I rode from Blarney to Castlebarnet,  
To Thomastown and sweet Donerail,  
To Killsharmack that joins Rathcormack,  
Besides Killarney and Abbeyfail,

The river Shannon and pleasant Bride,  
 The flowing Nore and the rapid Boyne,  
 But in all my ranging and serenading,  
 I saw none equal to Castlehyde.

---

### MOLLY of the MILL.

**L**ET Poets praise the flow'ry mead,  
 The moss-clad hills and deals,  
 The Shepherds piping on the road,  
 The Maids with a milking pail,  
 The Larks who soars on pinions high,  
 With sweetly purling rill,  
 Whilst I breath forth a tender sigh,  
 For Molly of the Mill.

In vain to sing her charms I try,  
 And all her beauties trace,  
 Such brilliancy adorns her,  
 And excellenc her face,  
 Her easy shapes engaging air,  
 My breast with transports fill,  
 No nymph so pleasing or so fair,  
 As Molly of the Mill.

It's not her person charms alone,  
 But the beauty of the mind,  
 For wit and sentiments I own,  
 Are all in her combin'd,  
 Who is the nymph that charms my heart,  
 And makes my bosom still,  
 Adorn'd by nature more than art,  
 Sweet Molly of the Mill.

